

POETICAL
ENGLISH READER,

CONTAINING

A SELECTION OF PIECES IN POETRY.

No. III.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.



Calcutta:

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BY

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P R E F A C E.

NEARLY twenty years have elapsed since the first publication of the Society's 'English Readers'; and the extensive sale which they have had is a sufficient proof that they have, in a great measure, fulfilled the purpose of their compilers. Nevertheless, it has appeared to the Committee that they, especially the Poetical Readers, might be improved; and this volume is the first of a revised series, which will be continued, as new Editions of the other numbers are called for.

The changes in No. III., are so numerous as almost to give it the character of a new work: of 159 lessons, contained in the earlier Editions, only 41 have been kept; 19 have been removed from No. IV; 51 new lessons have been added. Some have been excluded as wholly unfit for a school book of this kind; many have been rejected in favour of other poems which are of greater merit or more appropriate; a few have been reserved, as belonging properly to an earlier or later number of the series. For instance, Shelley's *Magic Car* and Campbell's *Last Man*, were two pieces in the former Editions of No. III., while *The Chameleon*, *The Town and Country Mice*, and *The diverting History of John Gilpin*, may still be found in No. IV.

In this Edition, the classification of the poems, according to their supposed character, as Narrative, Descriptive, Solemn and Pathetic, Didactic, and Promiscuous, has been abandoned: the only care observed in the new arrangement of the lessons being that the simplest and easiest are generally to be found in the early part of the volume.

The former collection having been found much too extensive for one year's reading, in the classes for which it was intended, it has been shortened, and divided into two parts, which may be purchased separately.

J. E. D. BETHUNE.

CALCUTTA, }
Nov. 1849. }

ERRATA.

Page	8,	Line	16,	For	"Walton"	Read	"Wotton"
"	10,	"	26,	"	"Pleiades"	Read	"Pleiads"
"	82,	"	22,	"	"topmast"	Read	"topmost"
"	99,	"	11,	"	"horsemen"	Read	"horseman"
"	101,	"	25,	"	"fathom"	Read	"fathom"
"	150,	"	17,	"	"is again"	Read	"again is"
"	157,	"	19,	"	"Yet"	Read	"Ye"
"	174,	"	24,	"	"climed"	Read	"climbed"
"	223,	"	5,	"	"skulls"	Rcad	"skulks"

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POETICAL ENGLISH READER.

No. III.



PART I.



A THOUGHT AT SEA.

SEE, how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

Moore.



THE SECURITY OF VIRTUE.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
 The threatening storms obey,
 Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
 As in the blaze of day.

Watts.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man: and who was he?
 Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown;
 His name hath perished from the earth,
 This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast;
 His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear:
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing spirits' rise and fall;
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all!

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
 Had friends—his friends are now no more;
 And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
 Oh! she was fair! but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
 Encountered all that troubles thee;
 He was—whatever thou hast been;
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left, in yonder silent sky,
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this,—There lived a man! *Montgomery.*

CONTENTMENT.

·LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favourites of the sky,

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world and give the day ;
 The moon that shines with borrowed light ;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
 The seas that roll unnumbered waves ;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain :
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me.
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

Parnell.

THE EVENING HOUR.

THIS is the hour when memory wakes
 Visions of joy that could not last ;
 This is the hour when fancy takes
 A survey of the past !

She brings before the pensive mind
 The hallowed scenes of earlier years ;
 And friends who long have been consigned
 To silence and to tears !

The few we liked—the one we loved—
 A sacred band!—come stealing on;
 And many a form far hence removed,
 And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships, that, how in death are hushed,
 And young affection's broken chain,
 And hopes that fate too quickly crushed,
 In memory live again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
 But muse on hopes, as quickly flown:
 Tint after tint they died away,
 Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
 Her spells round joys that could not last;
 This is the hour when memory breathes
 A sigh to pleasures past!

Wilson.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is he born or taught,
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death;
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray,
 A More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And, having nothing, yet has all.

Walton

CALM AFTER A STORM.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone !
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity.—

Fresh as if day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of morn :
 When the gay blossoms, rudely torn,
 And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating on the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm.
 And every drop the thunder showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem,
 Whose liquid flame is born of them.
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears ;
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own,
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs.
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all !
 And even that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heaves
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blessed,
 Too newly to be quite at rest !

Moore.

LIBERTY.

How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land,
 And scattered blessings with a liberal hand !

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The reddening orange, and the swelling grain;
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines.
 Oh, Liberty, thou power supremely bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
 Perpetual pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train.
 Eased of her load, subjection grows more light;
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.
 Thou makest the gloomy face of nature gay;
 Givest beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiades shine;
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-
 tains smile.

Addison.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest :

How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;

The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife :
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil,

To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,

To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch
 On Ocean's dark expanse,
 To hail the Pleiades, or catch
 The full moon's earliest glance;
 That brings unto the home-sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
 Brooding on hours misspent,
 To see the ^{scene} ~~sceptre~~ of despair
 Come to our lonely tent;
 Like Brutus 'midst his slumbering host,
 Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse:
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and, with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole,
 Descries athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light. *Montgomery.*

BY-GONE TIMES.

THE sky is blue, the sward is green,
 The leaf upon the bough is seen:
 The wind comes from the balmy west,
 The little songster builds its nest;
 The bee hums on from flower to flower,
 Till twilight's dim and dusky hour;

The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall by-gone times return again?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, passed away
The long, long summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal man: but when
Shall by-gone times return again?

I think of sunny eves so soft,
Too deeply felt, enjoyed too oft,
When through the balmy fields I roved
With her, the earliest dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey,
In thought, the bright celestial ray,
To present scenes denied; and when
Will by-gone times return again?

Alas! the world, at distance seen,
Appeared all blissful and serene,
A garden, formed to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then regret our youth; but when
Shall by-gone times return again?

Moir.

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF
A. SELKIRK.

(The original of Robinson Crusoe.)

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see :
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver or gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard ;
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place ;
 And mercy—encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

Cowper

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep ;
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground !

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
 And aching heart beneath the soil ;
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

Art thou a wanderer ?—hast thou seen
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
 A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,
 Misfortune's mark ?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
 Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home !

Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be;—
 Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod ;
 And, in thy chastening sorrows, see
 The hand of God !

A bruised reed he will not break ;
 Affliction—all his children feel !
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
 He wounds to heal !

There is a calm for those who weep !
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 And, while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die !

Montgomery.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

' OUR task is done ! on Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest ;

And, moored beneath the Tamarind bough, ^{the}
 Our bark has found its harbour now.
 With furled sail and painted side,
 Behold the tiny frigate ride ;
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslems' savoury supper steams ;
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

' Come, walk with me the jungle through :
 If yonder hunter told us true, ^{the}
 Far off, in desert dark and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude ;
 Nor, taught by recent harm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun,
 A dreadful guest, but rarely ^{is} seen, ^{the}
 Returns to scare the village green.
 Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake :
 Child of the sun, he loves to lie
 'Mid nature's embers parched and dry,
 Where, o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The Peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit warder in the gate of Death !
 Come on ! Yet pause ! behold us now
 Beneath the Bamboo's arched bough,
 Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant-flower ;

The Ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
 O'er the broad Plantain's humbler shade
 And dusk Anana's prickly blade;
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
 The Betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendent train and rushing wings,
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 Our English fairies never trod!
 Yet, who in Indian bower has stood,
 But thought on England's "good green wood?"
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
 And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
 To gaze upon her oaks again?

'A truce to thought! The jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry;
 And through the trees, yon failing ray
 Will scanty serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opens ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring;
 While, to this cooler air confest,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast.

Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night.
 Still, as we pass, in softened hum
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum.
 Still, as we pass, from bush and tree
 The shrill Cigala chirrups free.
 And what is she, whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell!
 It is—it must be—Philomel!
 Enough, enough; the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze;
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye.
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But oh! with thankful hearts confess,
 Even here there may be happiness;
 And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth, his hope of heaven.'

Heber.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
 Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow :
 But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun ;
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fixed the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the rising sun a journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;

But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way :
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair ;
 Then near approaching, " Father, hail ! " he cried,
 And, " Hail, my son ! " the reverend sire replied.
 Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
 And talk of various kind deceived the road ;
 Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound ;
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray ;
 Nature in silence bade the world repose :
 When near the road a stately palace rose.
 There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
 pass,
 Whose verdure crowned the sloping sides of grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive : the liveried servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morning; at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
 His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
 So seemed the sire, when far upon the road
 The shining spoil his wily partner showed.

He stopped with silence, walked with trembling
 heart,
 And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part:
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.

Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock, or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast;
 ('Twas then his threshold first received a guest;)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls.
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted,) served them both to dine:
 And, when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such (within himself he cried)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the generous landlord owned before,

And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom
wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
'Twas there a vice ; and seemed a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
Again the wanderers want a place to lie :
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
 He spoke, and bade the welcome table spread,
 Then talked of virtue till the time of bed ;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose.
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and
 died.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How looked our hermit when the fact was done ?
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
 Perplexed with roads ; a servant shewed the way :
 A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending branches
 glide.

The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
 Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in :
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes ;
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 " Detested wretch !" — But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings whose colours glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke ;
 The voice of music ravished as he spoke.

" Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice un-
 known,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 For this commissioned, I forsook the sky—
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government Divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world he made :
 In this the right of providence is laid.
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends.
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high ;
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will ;
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately met thy wondering eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just ;
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

“ The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted
 door
 Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head :

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

“Long had our pious friend in virtue trod ;
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God.
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run !
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go ;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a rack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back.
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus, Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resigned, and sin no more.”

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky :
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun :
“Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.”
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place ;
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Parnell.

GRONGAR HILL.

GRONGAR HILL invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells
 Sweetly musing quiet dwells ;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For thoughtful meditation made,
 Oft have I, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head ;
 While strayed my eyes o'er fell and flood,
 Over mead and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day :
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,
 As circles on a smooth canal :

The mountains round, unhappy fate !
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise :
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;

Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow !
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies :
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams the hot sun sheds
On the yellow mountain heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye !

Deep are his feet in rushing floods,
 His sides are clothed with waving woods,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds ;
 And there the poisonous adder breeds
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While, ever and anon, there fall
 Huge heaps of hoary mouldered wall :
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state ;
 But transient is the smile of fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun :
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep !

Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view !
 The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low ;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide ;
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
 A step methinks may pass the stream ;
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the Future's face,
 Eyed through hope's deluding glass ;
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;

Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see ;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill :
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there ;
In vain you search the domes of care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain's heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side :

And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

Dyer.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life, and Author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung :
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace ;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;

With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
 His ears are open to the softest cry,
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give :
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
 Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
 By living waters, and through flowery meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
 Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware !
 With caution let me hear the syren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
 If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;

With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazoned high
 With golden letters on the illumined sky ;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see
 Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree :
 In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
 I hear the voice of God among the trees.
 With Thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With Thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
 In every creature own thy forming power ;
 In each event thy providence adore :
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
 Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thine arms,
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
 And feel myself victorious in Thee.
 Then when, at last, the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
 When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene,
 With decent triumph, and a look serene ;
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
 And, having lived to Thee, in Thee to die.

Barbault.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside :
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole :
For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest ;
Where man, Creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend :
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And cheerful pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around ;

Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

Montgomery.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods ;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

Pope.

MORNING.

HE gained the summit, as the sun's first beam
Glowed on the mountain-peak with dazzling
light ;

And, formed from dewdrop, or from infant
stream,

The little rainbow blent in colours bright.

Pausing, he turned, and cast his raptured sight
Back to the plain ; but nought could there be
viewed,

Save sheeted fog, low-settled, dense, and white :
It seemed as on some islet-cliff he stood,
And saw beneath him roll the interminable flood.

Drunk by the sun, the white flood ebbed away ;
And on the changing scene he could descry
Villas and trees, and huts and hamlets grey,
Which, grouped like little isles, did clustering lie ;
Anon, on aged spires and turrets high,
The cheering beam of morn was radiant seen ;
Swift o'er the woods the orient blaze did fly,
Tinging with living gold their foliage green ;
Last glowed it on the stream which dimpling rolled
between.

And fair the morning landscape spread around :
Near was the wildness of the mountain scene,
With cliffs and crags and precipices crowned,
And bubbling rills and white cascades between ;
The middle field was fertile all and green,
Tufted with woods, adorned with castles high.
And winding streams and lakes of glossy sheen ;
Then, where the distance drew the admiring eye,
The calm blue ocean seemed to meet the azure sky.

Here, on the beetling rock the wild goat hung,
 And from his lair sprung forth the mountain roe ;
 And blithely there the youthful shepherd sung,
 As from the fold he brought his flocks of snow ;
 With devious curlings, upward soft and slow,
 The cottage smoke in flickering columns sped ;
 The distant plains resounded to the low
 Of countless herds ; and morn its vigour shed
 Joyous o'er rural life, while luxury dozed in bed.

There is a youthful freshness in the sight
 Of rustic nature at the morning-tide ;
 A hearty bliss, which shrouds in thickest night
 The city's bloated mirth and hollow pride :
 And who that boasts a soul would e'er abide
 'Mong lanes of filth, and streets of sin and crime,
 If he could hie him to some mountain-side,
 Where he might hear the spirit-stirring chime
 Of Nature's glorious song, and with her spend the
 time ?

Mudie.

SACRED SONG.

THOU art, O God ! the life and light .
 Of all this wondrous world, we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are all reflections caught from Thee .
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine :
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven ;
 Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreaths
 Is born beneath that kindling eye. ³
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine ;
 And all things fair and bright are Thine. *More.*

THE FICKLENESS OF LOVE.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,

Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till, fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesss of love are gone ;
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plains below,
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.
 O you that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the fields of bliss above
 He sits, with flowerets fettered round ;
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light :
 Like that celestial bird, whose nest
 Is found below far eastern skies,

Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies!
 Some difference of this dangerous kind,
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst. *Moore.*

TIME.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
 The silent pace, with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay
 Alike, irrevocable both when passed,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart:
 Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound
 How laughs the land with various plenty crowned;
 But time, that should enrich the noble mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind. *Cowper.*

ON VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,

With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,
 She woos the tardy spring :
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.
 New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;—
 Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
 But chief the skylark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts with air and liquid light.
 Yesterday the sullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
 'Tis man alone that joy describes
 With forward and reverted eyes.
 Smiles on past misfortune's brow
 Soft reflection's hand can trace ;
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace :
 While hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue;
 Behind the steps that misery treads
 Approaching comfort view:
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
 Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life.
 See the wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe, and walk again:
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

Gray.

THE RIVER.

IN silence, where the new-born river wells,
 I sit, and watch the offspring of the sky;
 In rocky cradle yet the infant dwells,
 And sucks its mother-cloud, which wanders by.

Look! in the woods the heavenly child is growing,
 Dreams of the glory of his destined race;
 The sun and moon he clasps, while onward flowing,
 With passionate longing in his young embrace.

No more content beneath the pine-tree's bough,
 No longer to the mountain clefts he clings ;
 The tumbling rocks how wild he chases now,
 How madly from the precipice he springs.

“ Come, follow, follow !” to each stream he cries,
 “ From thirsty sands, from the sun’s scorching ray,
 Come, brothers ! where the fruitful valley lies,
 Down to our common home I lead the way.”

And all the rattling children of the rain
 Hear and obey the young adventurer’s call :
 Like monarch-heart his stream now swells amain,
 And woods and rocks before his fury fall.

The conquering hero pours his dark blue waves,
 O’er the wide plain, revered by every one ;
 Gives the parched fields new life, whose sides he
 laves,
 Baptizes with his name,—and passes on.

And poets’ songs are to his praise addressed,
 Proud navies on his lordly waters ride,
 Rich cities hail him as a welcome guest,
 And meadows glad with flowers cling to his side.

They cannot hold him back ; with eager haste
 Fair fields and glittering spires he hurries by,
 Unceasingly rolls onward, and at last
 Sinks in his father’s bosom, there to die. *Tegn’er.*

THE FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice :
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

THE HAMLET.

THE hinds how blest, who, ne'er beguiled
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :
 On green untrodden banks they view
 The hyacinth's neglected hue :
 In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
 They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :
 And startle from her ashen spray,
 Across the glen the screaming jay :
 Each native charm their steps explore
 Of Solitude's sequestered store.

For them, the moon with cloudless ray
 Mounts to illume their homeward way :
 Their weary spirits to relieve,
 The meadows incense breathe at eve.
 No riot mars the simple fare
 That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share :

But, when the curfew's measured roar
 Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
 Has echoed from the distant town,
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
 No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or through the primrosed coppice stray
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive a-field the tardy kine ;
 Or hasten from the sultry hill
 To loiter at the shady rill ;
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
 To rob the raven's ancient nest:

Their humble porch with honied flowers
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers :
 From the trim garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :
 Nor fell disease, before his time,
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime :
 But, when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar,
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

MUSIC.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love
 In days of boyhood meet our ear ;

Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours :

Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well !

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are e'en more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

Moore.

REMEMBRANCE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends,
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends ;

With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms,
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty hath lost its charms ?
 Condemned to suffer through the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
 Before his wished return.

From hard controul and tyrant rules,
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 In thought he loves to roam ;
 And tears will struggle in his eye,
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind ;
 Where shall the tried and harrassed heart
 Its consolation find ?

Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
 Life's summer prime of joy?
 Ah no! for hopes too long delayed,
 And feelings blasted or betrayed,
 Its fabled bliss destroy;
 And Youth remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on;
 But, with the baseless hopes of Youth,
 Its generous warmth is gone;
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed,
 The dull realities of truth;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble steps and slow;
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old Experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below.
 Life's vain delusions are gone by,
 Its idle hopes are o'er;
 Yet age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

Southey.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy, Bee !

As abroad I took my early way,
Before the Cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray,
Saw I thee ; thou busy, busy, Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy, Bee !

After the fall of the Cistus flower,
When the Primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first ;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy, Bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy, Bee !

Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy, Bee !

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy, Bee !

What is the end of thy toil ;
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil :
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy, Bee !

Southey.

MEMORY.

SWEET Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in genius, and refines in art ;
Thee, in whose hands the keys of science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell ;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.
The friends of reason, and the guides of youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of truth ;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought ;
These still exist, by thee to fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.
From thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws ;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only virtue, tranquil virtue, knows.
When joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And hope's delusive meteor's cease to play ;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows :
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.

Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;
 Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
 The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !
 But, pause not then—beyond the western wave,
 Go, view the captive, bartered as a slave !
 Crushed till his high heroic spirit bleeds,
 And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
 Lo ! Memory bursts the twilight of the mind :
 Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
 When the rude scourge assumes its base controul ;
 And o'er futurity's blank page diffuse
 The full reflection of their vivid hues.
 'Tis but to die, and then to weep no more ;
 Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;
 Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
 The simple transports that with freedom flew ;
 Catch the cool breeze that musky evening blows,
 And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows ;
 The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
 And chant the rude traditionary verse ;
 With those, the loved companions of his youth,
 When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah ! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate ?
 Hers what no wealth can win, no power create !
 A little world of clear and cloudless day,
 Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay ;
 A world with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
 The home of happiness, an honest breast. *Rogers.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

WITH cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees, and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But, when behind the western cloud
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way !

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep ;
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And, if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear ;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage ;
Alas ! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age !

REFLECTIONS.

AH ! who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray ?

Ah ! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight,
This hour enchants the wondering sight,
These raptures will endure ?

Is there in life's dull toil
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile ?

What is the mind of man ?
A chaos where the passions blend,
Unconscious where the mass will end,
Or when it first began !

In childhood's thoughtless hours
We frolic through the sportive day ;
Each path enchanting, sunny, gay,
All decked with gaudy flowers !

In life's maturer prime
We wander still in search of peace ;
And, as our weary toils increase,
Fade in the glooms of time.

From scene to scene we stray,
 Still courting pleasure's fickle smile,
 While she, delighting to beguile,
 Still farther glides away.

We seek hope's gentle aid ;
 We think the lovely phantom pours
 Her balmy incense on those flowers
 Which blossom but to fade !

We pant for glittering fame ;
 And, when pale envy blots the page
 That might have charmed a future age,
 We find 'tis but a name.

We bask in friendship's beam ;
 But, when malignant cares assail,
 And fortune's fickle favours fail,
 We find 'tis but a dream.

We pine for idle joy ;
 Intemperance leads to sure decay ;
 The brightest prospects fade away,
 The sweetest soonest cloy !

How frail is beauty's bloom !
 The dimpled cheek, the sparkling eye,
 Scarce seen before their wonders fly
 To decorate a tomb !

Then, since this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death :

And let the generous mind
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind. *Mrs. Robinson.*

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When 'nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
grove,

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah ! wherefore, abandoned to darkness and woe,
Lone nightingale, wherefore that languishing fall ?
For, spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.

But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn ;

Oh ! soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away :
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:
 But lately I marked when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb; and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
 Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain.

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
 I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For, morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering
 with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn!"
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
 Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 Oh pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from
 thee!
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
 free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Beattie.

THE OCEAN.

O THOU vast Ocean ! ever-sounding sea !
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity !
 Thou thing, that windest round the solid world,
 Like a huge serpent snake which, downward hurled
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing, till its strength be gone :
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life,
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.

The earth hath nought of this ; nor chance nor
 change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-waken air ;
 But, o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go.

Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow :
 But in their stated round the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their viewless home,
 And come again, and vanish : the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming ;
 And Winter ever winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
 Falls in his stormy manhood ; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the Summer dies.

Thou only, terrible Ocean ! hast a power,
 A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
 When thou dost lift thy anger to the clouds,
 A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
 Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
 Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
 How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind !
 And stretch thy arms, and war at once with heaven,

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main !
 On thee no record ever lived again
 To meet the hand that writ it ; line nor lead
 Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
 Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
 King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
 Can move the mighty ocean into storm.
 Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element !
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
 And lovely in repose : thy summer form
 Is beautiful ; and, when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,

I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 ‘Eternity, eternity, and power.’ *Procter.*

FAREWELL TO THE HARP.

DEAR Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long,
 When proudly, my own island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
 song!
 The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That e’en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
 twine:
 Go,—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slum-
 bers,
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than
 mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb’d at our lay, ’tis thy glory alone;
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

Moore.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song ;
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut-
 flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers ;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin of the tomb !

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free ;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main;
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs;
 They are bursting fresh from their starry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
 Where the violets lie may be now your home.
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.
 With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
 Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,
 And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
 —Paleglistering pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.
 —Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth
untold

Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.

—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful
main!

Earth claims not these again !

Yet more, the depths have more ! Thy waves have
rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !

—Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play :
Man yields them to decay !

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !
They hear not now the booming waters roar ;
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.

—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long !
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless
gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
—But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery
 crown ;

—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
 —Restore the dead, thou sea !

Mrs. Hemans.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH- YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their teams afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour ;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die:

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
 Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchyard path we saw him
 borne :

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn :"

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;
 He gained from heaven, ('twas all he wished,) a
 friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.

ON A PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires! ye antique towers!
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey;
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way;

Ah happy hills! Ah pleasing shade!
 Ah fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from you blow
 A momentary bliss bestow;
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames! for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With plaint arm thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which enthal?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty;
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd!
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast;
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day;

Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah ! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah ! tell them they are men.

These shall the fury passions tear,

The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame, that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart !

And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,

And grinning Infamy ;
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings ; all are men
 Condemned alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since Sorrow never comes too late,
 And Happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise :
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Gray.

TO A REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed !
 Courtly domes of high degree
 Have no room for thee and me ;
 Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
 Nothing mind an idle song.

Daily near my table steal
 While I pick my scanty meal :

Doubt not, little though there be,
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
 Well rewarded, if I spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
 See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come my feathered friend again;
 Well thou knowest the broken pane,
 Ask of me thy daily store;
 Go not near the miser's door:
 Once within his iron hall,
 Woeful end shall thee befall.
 Savage! he would soon divest
 Of thy rosy plumes thy breast;
 Then, with solitary joy,
 Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

Langhorne.

ELEGY ON SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried:
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;
 But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his confined bed,
 And smoothed down his narrow pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory. *Wolfe.*

DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon:
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or any thing:
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

 BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight;
 And so to bid goodnight?
 'Tis pity nature brought you forth,
 Merely to shew your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And, after they have shown their pride,
 Like you a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

Herrick.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
 Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
 Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
 Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
 Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,
 That he may follow them through brake and brier,
 Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
 Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.

A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
 Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;
 Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
 But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;
 And, where the land slopes to its watery bourn,
 Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;
 Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago,
 And horrid brambles intertwine below ;
 A hollow, scooped I judge in ancient time,
 For baking earth, or burning rock or lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
 With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;
 Nor Autumn yet had brushed from every spray,
 With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away ;
 But corn was housed and beans were in the stack :
 Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
 With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
 With a whole gamut filled of heavenly notes,
 For which, alas ! my destiny severe,
 Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The sun, accomplishing his early march,
 His lamp now planted on heaven's topmast arch,
 When, exercise and air my only aim,
 And heedless whither, to that field I came ;
 Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
 Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found ;
 Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang
 All Kílwick and all Dingleberry rang.

Sheep grazed the field; some with soft bosom
 pressed
 The herb as soft, while nibbling strayed the rest:
 Nor noise was heard, but of the hasty brook,
 Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.
 All seemed so peaceful, that, from them conveyed,
 To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
 'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
 And from within the wood that crash was heard,
 Though not a hound from whom it burst appeared,
 The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed,
 All huddling into phalanx stood and gazed,
 Admiring, terrified, the novel strain;
 Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round
 again:

But recollecting, with a sudden thought,
 That flight, in circles urged, advanced them nought,
 They gathered close around the old pit's brink,
 And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long
 Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
 Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
 Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
 After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
 He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
 Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
 How glad they catch the largess of the skies;

But, with precision nicer still, the mind
 He scans of every locomotive kind;
 Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
 That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
 The look and gestures of their griefs and fears
 Have all articulation in his ears;
 He spells them true by intuition's light,
 And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,
 To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused; surveying every face,
 Thou hadst supposed them of superior race;
 Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
 Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,
 That sage they seemed, as lawyers, o'er a doubt,
 Which, puzzling long, as last they puzzle out;
 Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
 Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
 When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
 A ram, the ewes and wethers sad addressed:

“Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
 Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared.
 Could I believe that winds, for ages pent
 In earth's dark womb, have found at last a vent,
 And from their prison-house below arise,
 With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
 I could be much composed, nor should appear,
 For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.

Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders rolled
 All night, me resting quiet in the fold :
 Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
 I could expound the melancholy tone ;
 Should deem it by our old companion made,
 The ass ; for he, we know, has lately strayed ;
 And, being lost perhaps, and wandering wide,
 Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
 But ah ! those dreadful yells what soul can hear
 That owns a carcase, and not quake for fear ;
 Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-clawed
 And fanged with brass ; the demons are abroad :
 I hold it therefore wisest and more fit
 That, life to save, we leap unto the pit."

Him answered then his loving mate and true,
 But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe :

"How ! leap into the pit our life to save ?
 To save our life leap all into the grave ?
 For can we find it less ? Contemplate first
 The depth how awful ! falling there, we burst :
 Or should the brambles interposed our fall
 In part abate, that happiness were small ;
 For with a race like theirs no chance I see
 Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
 Meantime noise kills not : be it Dapple's bray,
 Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
 And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
 Of demons uttered, from whatever lungs,
 Sounds are but sounds ; and, till the cause appear,
 We have at least commodious standing here :

Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From Earth or Hell, we can but plunge at last."

While thus she spoke, I fainter heard the peals ;
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse,
Through mere good fortune, took a different course.
The flock grew calm again ; and I, the road
Following, that led me to my own abode,
Much wondered that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps : the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

Cowper.

THE DYING SAINT TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame ;
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying !
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite ;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ;
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly :
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ? *Pope.*

THE VANITY OF FAME.

As vapours from the marsh's miry bed
 Ascend, and, gathering on the mountain head,
 Spread their long train in splendid pomp on high ;
 Now o'er the vales in awful grandeur lower,
 Now flashing, thundering down the trembling sky,
 Rive the rough oak, or dash the aspiring tower ;
 Then melting down in rain
 Drop to their base original again :
 Thus earth-born heroes, the proud sons of praise,
 Awhile on Fortune's airy summit blaze,
 The world's fair peace confound,
 And deal dismay, and death, and ruin round ;
 Then back to earth these idols of an hour
 Sink on a sudden, and are known no more.

 Where is each boasted favourite of fame,
 Whose wide expanded name
 Filled the loud echoes of the world around,
 While shore to shore returned the lengthened sound ?

The warriors where, who, in triumphal pride,
 With weeping freedom to the chariot tied,
 To glory's Capitolian temple rode?
 In undistinguished dust together trod,
 Victors and vanquished mingle in the grave;
 Worms prey upon the mouldering god,
 Nor know a Cæsar from a slave;
 In empty air their mighty deeds exhale,
 A school-boy's wonder, or an evening tale.

 In vain with various arts they strive
 To keep their little names alive;
 Bid to the skies the ambitious tower ascend;
 The circus its majestic length extend;
 Bid arcs of triumph swell their graceful round;
 Or mausoleums load the encumbered ground;
 Or sculpture speak in animated stone
 Of vanquished monarchs tumbled from the throne;
 The rolling tide of years,
 Rushing with strong and steady current, bears
 The pompous piles with all their fame away,
 To black oblivion's sea;
 Deep in whose dread abyss the glory lies
 Of empires, ages, never more to rise!

 Where's now imperial Rome,
 Who erst to subject kings denounced their doom,
 And shook the sceptre o'er a trembling world?
 From her proud height by force barbarian hurled?
 Now, on some broken capital reclined,
 The sage of classic mind

Her awful relics views with pitying eye,
 And o'er departed grandeur heaves a sigh;
 Or fancies, wandering in his moonlight walk
 The prostrate fanes and mouldering domes among,
 He sees the mighty ghosts of heroes stalk
 In melancholy majesty along;
 Or pensive hover o'er the ruins round,
 Their pallid brows with faded laurel bound;
 While Cato's shade seems scornful to survey
 A race of slaves, and sternly strides away.

Where old Euphrates winds his storied flood,
 The curious traveller explores in vain
 The barren shores and solitary plain,
 Where erst majestic Babel's turret stood!
 All vanished from the view, her proud abodes,
 Her walls, and brazen gates, and palaces of gods!
 A shapeless heap o'erspreads the dreary space,
 Of mingled piles an undistinguished mass:
 There the wild tenants of the desert dwell;
 The serpent's hiss is heard, the dragon's yell!
 And doleful howlings o'er the waste affright
 And drive afar the wanderers of the night.

Yet 'tis divinity's implanted fire
 Which bids the soul to glorious heights aspire;
 Expands her wishes, and extends her sight
 Beyond this little life's contracted round;
 And wings her eagle flight
 To grandeur, fame, and bliss beyond a bound.

Ambition's ardent hopes and golden dreams,
 Her towering madness, and her wild extremes,
 Unfold this sacred truth to reason's eye,
 That 'man was made for immortality.'

Yes, friend ! let noble deeds and noble aims
 To distant ages consecrate our names ;
 That, when these tenements of crumbling clay
 Are dropped to dust away,
 Some worthy monument may still declare
 To future times, ' We were !'
 Not such as mad ambition's votaries raise
 Upon the driving sand of vulgar praise ;
 But with its firm foundation laid
 On virtue's adamantine rock,
 That to the skies shall lift its towering head,
 Superior to the surge's shock :
 Planned like a Memphian pyramid sublime,
 Rising majestic on its ampler base,
 By just degrees, and with a daring grace,
 Erect, unmoved amid the storms of time.

Of time ! no, that's a period too confined
 To fill the unbounded mind,
 Which o'er the barrier leaps of added years,
 Of ages, eras, and revolving spheres,
 And leaves the flight of numbers still behind.
 When the loud clarion's dreadful roll
 Shall rend the globe from pole to pole ;
 When worlds and systems sink in fire,
 And nature, time, and death expire ;

In the bright records of the sky
 Shall virtue see her honours shine ;
 Shall see them blazing round the sacred shrine
 Of blest eternity.

H. Moore.

LOVE.

THEY err who tell us love can die:
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the depths of hell ;
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth,
 But love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest ;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 The harvest-time of love is there.
 Oh ! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the anxious night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight?

Southey.

FREEDOM.

FAIR Freedom has a thousand charms to shew,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know :
 The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
 The growth that nature meant she should attain.
 The varied fields of science, ever new,
 Opening and wider opening on her view,
 She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
 While no base fear impedes her in her course.
 Religion, richest favour of the skies,
 Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes :
 No shades of superstition blot the day ;
 Liberty chases all that gloom away.
 The soul emancipated, unoppressed,
 Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
 Learns much ; and to a thousand listening minds
 Communicates with joy the good she finds.
 In arms courageous, ever prompt to shew
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe ;
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
 His spirit, rising as his toils increase,
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,
 And honour claims him for her first-born son.
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away,
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway ;
 But they that fight for freedom, undertake
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake ;
 Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
 A blessing, freedom is the pledge of all.

O liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;
 Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse :
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
 Its dearest tone, the rapture it inspires.
 Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
 And I will sing, if Liberty be there ;
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

Cowper.

WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
 Delights to listen to the breeze,
 That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
 I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
 Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
 And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
 The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
 The silence of the wintry scene,
 When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
 In deep tranquillity ;

Not undelightful now to roam
 The wild heath sparkling on the sight ;
 Not undelightful now to pace
 The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine ;
 And mark the moss of many a hue,
 That varies the old tree's brown bark,
 Or o'er the grey stone spreads ;

And see the clustered berries bright
 Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;
 The ivy round the leafless oak
 That clasps its foliage close.

So virtue, diffident of strength,
 Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
 So, by Religion's aid upheld,
 Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
 Whose waters, hid from summer sun,
 Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
 With more than melody.

Green moss shines there with ice incased ;
 The long grass bends its spear-like form,
 And lovely is the silvery scene,
 When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
 When nature, hid in Winter's grave,
 No more expands the bursting bud,
 Or bids the flowret bloom.

For nature soon, in Spring's best charms,
 Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
 Expand the bursting bud again,
 And bid the flower re-bloom.

Southey.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

COME, melancholy moralizer, come!
 Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
 With me engarland now
 The sepulchre of time!

Come, moralizer, to the funeral song;
 I pour the dirge of the departed days;
 For well the funeral song
 Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
 With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
 This consecrated day
 To mirth and indolence.

Mortal! whilst fortune with benignant hand
 Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
 Whilst her unclouded sun
 Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice—rejoice that time flies fast?
 That night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
 That swift the stream of years
 Rolls to eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
 If power be thine, remember what thou art—
 Remember thou art man,
 And death thy heritage!

Hast thou known love—does beauty's better sun
 Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
 Her eye all eloquence,
 Her voice all harmony?

O state of happiness! hark how the gale
 Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove!
 Winter is dark and cold,—
 Where now the charms of spring?

Sayst thou that fancy paints the future scene
 In hues too sombrous? that the dark-stoled maid
 With stern and frowning front
 Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her airy form
 When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
 Her many-coloured robes
 Dance varying to the sun?

Ah! vainly does the pilgrim, whose long road
 Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vexed height,
 With anxious gaze survey
 The fruitful far-off vale.

Oh! there are those who love the pensive song,
 To whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant!
 There are who at this hour
 Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of time;
 Rejoicing, when the fading orb of day
 Is sunk again in night,
 'That one day more is gone!

And he who bears affliction's heavy load
 With patient piety, well pleased he knows
 The world a pilgrimage,
 The grave an inn of rest!

Southey.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow!
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave,
 For the deck it was their field of fame
 And Ocean was their grave:

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow!
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy waves do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep!
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow!
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horsemen drew his battle blade ;
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder still that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of purpled snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 * Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
 When furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout 'mid the sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens: On, ye brave!
 Who rush to glory or the grave.
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Cover a soldier's sepulchre.

Campbell.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown;
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line;
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between :
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane-eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havock did not slack,
 Till a feebler cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back ;
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light :
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fatnom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,

On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou ;
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the ocean's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

Campbell.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When, reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, which welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft,
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us ; rest, thou art weary and worn :
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.

CALM AFTER A STORM.

THEY know the Almighty's power,
 Who, wakened by the rushing midnight shower,
 Watch for the fitful breeze
 To howl and chafe amid the bending trees :
 Watch for the still white gleam,
 To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,
 Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light,
 Too rapid and too pure for all but angel sight.

They know the Almighty's love,
 Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost grove,
 Stand in the shade, and hear
 The tumult with a deep exulting fear ;
 How, in their fiercest sway,
 Curbed by some power unseen, they die away,
 Like a bold steed that owns its rider's arm,
 Proud to be checked and soothed by that o'er-mas-
 tering charm.

Woe to the wayward heart,
 That gladlier turns to eye the shuddering start
 Of passion in her might,
 Than mark the silent youth of grace and light ;
 Pleased in the cheerless tomb
 To linger, while the morning rays illumine
 Green lake, and cedar tuft, and spicy glade,
 Shaking their dewy tresses now the storm is laid.

Keble.

THE RAINBOW.

I MARKED a rainbow in the north,
 What time the wild autumnal sun
 From his dark veil at noon looked forth,
 As glorying in his course half done;
 Flinging soft radiance far and wide
 Over the dusky heaven and bleak hill-side.

It was a gleam to memory dear :
 And, as I walk and muse apart,
 When all seems desolate and drear,
 I would revive it in my heart ;
 And watch how light can find its way
 To regions farthest from the fount of day.

Light flashes in the gloomiest sky,
 And music in the dullest plain,
 For there the lark is soaring high
 Over her flat and leafless reign ;
 And chanting in so blithe a tone,
 It shames the weary heart to feel itself alone. *Keble.*

GROWTH OF LOVE.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath ?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast ?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown,
Light up her gleaming crest ?

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray ;
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western heaven illumine,
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven,
Love, gentle, holy, pure ;
But, tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

Then let the dainty rose awhile
 Her bashful fragrance hide:
 Rend not her silken veil too soon;
 But leave her, in her own soft noon
 To flourish and abide.

Keble.

RESIGNATION.

THE morning mist is cleared away,
 Yet still the face of heaven is grey,
 Nor yet the autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,
 Faded yet full; a paler green
 Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
 The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of calm decay,
 Saluting sorrow as you may,
 As one still bent to find or make the best,
 In thee and in this quiet mead
 The lesson of sweet peace I read,
 Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
 With the soft solitary knell,
 As homeward from some grave beloved we turn;
 Or by some holy deathbed dear,
 Most welcome to the chastened ear
 Of her whom heaven is teaching how to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
 That duly bears with you its part,

Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
 Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
 And on the world's autumnal time,
 'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast;
 That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
 Watching in trance nor dark nor clear,
 The appalling Future as it nearer draws;
 His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
 Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
 And tracing through the cloud the Eternal Cause.
Keble.

OLD AGE.

WHY blowest thou not, thou wintry wind,
 Now every leaf is brown and sere,
 And idle droops, to thee resigned,
 The fading chaplet of the year?
 Yet wears the pure aerial sky
 Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
 Of silvery haze, and dark and still
 The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.
 How quiet shews the woodland scene!
 Each flower and tree, its duty done,
 Reposing in decay serene,
 Like weary men when age is won.
 Such calm old age as conscience pure
 And self-commanding hearts ensure,
 Waiting their summons to the sky,
 Content to live, but not afraid to die. *Keble.*

MORNING.

THE bright-haired morn is glowing
O'er emerald meadows gay,
With many a clear gem strewing
The early shepherd's way.
Ye gentle elves, by Fancy seen
Stealing away with night
To slumber in your leafy screen,
Tread more than airy light.

And see what joyous greeting
The sun through heaven has shed,
Though fast yon shower be fleeting,
His beams have faster sped.
For lo! above the western haze
High towers the rainbow arch,
In solid span of purest rays:
How stately is its march!

Pride of the dewy morning!
The swain's experienced eye
From thee takes timely warning,
Nor trusts the gorgeous sky.
For well he knows, such dawning gay
Brings noons of storm and shower,
And travellers linger on the way
Beside the sheltering bower.

FALLING LEAVES.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
 The line of yellow light dies fast away
 That crowned the eastern copse: and chill and dun
 Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
 And echo bids good night from every glade;
 Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
 Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
 And yet no second spring have they in store;
 But, when they fall, forgotten to abide
 Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
 A thousand wild flowers round them shall unfold,
 The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
 And all her vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in dead oblivion lie,
 "In all the world of busy life around
 No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
 No drop for them of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again:
 Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
 With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain
 As his, ere guilt and sorrow shared his heart.

Keble.

THOUGHTS IN SPRING.

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,

Welcome to the thoughtful heart !

May I call you sense or learning,

Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art ?

Be your title what it may,

Sweet the lengthening April day ;

While with you the soul is free,

Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,

Winding shore or deepening glen,

Where the landscape in its glory

Teaches truth to wandering men :

Give true hearts but earth and sky,

And some flowers to bloom and die ;

Homely scenes and simple views

Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing

Where the waters gently pass,

Every way her free arms flinging

O'er the moist and reedy grass :

Long ere winter blasts are fled,

See her tipped with vernal red,

And her kindly flower displayed,

Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,

Patiently she droops awhile,

But, when showers and breezes hail her,

Wears again her willing smile.

Thus I learn contentment's power
 From the slighted willow bower,
 Ready to give thanks, and live
 On the least that heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
 Up the stony vale I wind,
 Haply half in fancy grieving
 For the shades I leave behind,
 By the dusty wayside drear,
 Nightingales with joyous cheer
 Sing my sadness to reprove,
 Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
 Of the greenest darkest tree,
 There they plunge, the light declining;
 All may hear, but none may see:
 Fearless of the passing stranger,
 Innocent they dread no danger;
 So they live in modest ways,
 Ever trust and ever praise.

Keble.

RUINS OF NINEVEH.

SINCE all that is not heaven must fade,
 Light be the hand of ruin laid
 Upon the home I love:
 With lulling spell let soft decay
 Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
 The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep,
 In their own quiet glade should sleep
 The relics dear to thought;
 And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
 Their waving tracery hang, to hide
 What ruthless time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet,
 That o'er the wistful fancy fleet
 In Asia's sea-like plain,
 Where slowly, round his isles of sand,
 Euphrates through the lonely land
 Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;
 There her forlorn and weary nest
 The famished hawk has found;
 The wild dog howls at fall of night,
 The serpent's rustling coils affright
 The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,
 Half seen against the evening sky,
 Seems like a ghost to glide,
 And watch, from Babel's crumbling heap,
 Where in her shadow, fast asleep,
 Lies fallen imperial pride?

With half-closed eye a lion there
 Is basking in the noontide lair,
 Or prowls in twilight gloom;

The golden city's king he seems,
 Such as in old prophetic dreams
 Sprung from rough ocean's womb.

Quenched is the golden statue's ray,
 The breath of heaven has blown away
 What toiling earth had piled;
 Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
 As breezes strew on ocean's sand
 The fabrics of a child.

Keble.

THE STREAM.

Go up, and watch the new-born rill
 Just trickling from its mossy bed;
 Streaking the heath-clad hill
 With a bright emerald thread.
 Canst thou her bold career foretel,
 What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,
 How far in ocean's swell,
 Her freshening billows send?
 Perchance that little brook shall flow
 The bulwark of some mighty realm,
 Bear navies to and fro,
 With monarchs at their helm.
 Or canst thou guess how far away
 Some sister nymph beside her urn
 Reclining night and day,
 'Mid reeds and mountain fern,

Nurses her store, with this to blend,
 When many a moor and glen are past,
 Then in the wide sea end
 Their spotless lives at last?

Keble.

THE SNOWDROP.

THOU first-born of the year's delight
 Pride of the dewy glade,
 In vernal green and virgin white,
 Thy vestal robes arrayed:

'Tis not because thy drooping form
 Sinks graceful on its nest,
 When chilly shades from gathering storm
 Affright thy tender breast;

Nor for yon river islet wild
 Beneath the willow spray,
 Where, like the ringlets of a child,
 Thou weavest thy circle gay;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear:
 Thy shy averted smiles
 To fancy bode a joyous year,
 One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
 And cheer the ungenial day,
 And tell us all will glisten soon
 As green and bright as they.

Keble.

LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood;
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in autumn lies:
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past, and man forgot. *King.*

 THE NIGHTINGALE.

AMID those tangled brakes
 In soft May nights, the haunting nightingale
 Pours forth by fits and starts her passionate song;
 A dream-like and capricious melody:
 Now piping sadly, till the thrilling note
 Might summon tears, and then a gush of sound
 Which fills the heart with gladness; then a pause,
 And faint low note repeated o'er and o'er,
 As if in pretty mockery of herself;
 Then sudden silence, ere she pours anew
 A rich, delicious warble, which afar
 Is echoed by the emulative throats
 Of sister songstresses, and floats along
 Borne on the wings of the enamoured air.

WOODLANDS.

THERE the summer winds
 Breathe wooingly; and, when the noontide sun
 Is bright above, there far receding glades
 Tempt wandering feet to seek their cool recess;
 Where the green moss is swept by drooping boughs,
 And on the velvet turf dark shadows lie:
 There the soft primrose gleams from tufted leaves,
 Heavy with dew; and that pale silken flower,
 The wood-anemone, with star-like light
 Spangles the ground: and bending hyacinths,
 With petals coloured like a summer sky,
 And slender gently-waving bells, wind-shaken,
 Fling fragrance, like sweet music, on the air.

BEAUTY AND MELODY OF NATURE.

EARTH! Mother Earth! that most beloved name
 Invests thee with a loveliness beyond
 All thou mayest claim of beauty, though thou art
 Most beautiful! What music too is thine,
 Of wandering winds and ever restless waves;
 The solemn voice of the dark-heaving deep,
 The mighty forest-harp, whose dirge-like sound
 When tossing boughs rock to and fro, will haunt
 The ear which pauses on its melody
 In after hours; the murmur of the bee,
 Or insect flitting on its gauzy wing,
 The child of summer, dying with the sun;

The fall of waters, and the high-poised lark
 Amid the purple pride of dewy morn,
 Pealing his joyous anthem in the clouds !
 What delicate beauty in the folded leaves
 Of thy young rose-buds, in the silver cup
 Of gleaming lilies, or thy violets,
 Like a deep-dwelling thought of tenderness,
 So sweet, so closely hidden : in thy hues
 Of painted butterflies, the glancing sheen
 Of many-coloured insects, shifting gleams
 Of light and shadow, rosy-tinted clouds,
 Which slowly sail across the evening star,
 When its soft lustre lights the dying day !

A SUMMER SCENE.

WHEN summer suns have drunk
 The silver dew, and floating thistle-down
 In eddying wheel sinks through the sleepy air,
 Here do the panting cattle love to stand
 In the clear pool at sultry noon-tide hour.
 The gleaming water makes no murmuring ;
 But, as the patient kine with stealthy step
 Disturb the stream, a cool, sweet, plashing sound
 Breaks through the languid silence. Glancing past,
 With diamond eye and burnished scale, appears
 That winged meteor the dragon-fly ;
 A messenger of joy, from Iris sent,
 To tell the drooping leaves and thirsty bells
 Of coming showers, ere yet her bow is flung

Across the sky. Strewed on the glassy flood,
 See! the old dandelion's hoary beard
 Floats slowly onward, shaken from its stem
 By the light brush of some bright insect's wing.
 The spider, still untiring of her task,
 Weaves her frail web which, in the early dawn,
 Besprent with dew, shews like a silver veil
 Hung on the pointed thorn; its quivering lines
 Swayed by the softest whisper of the breeze.

SUMMER BREEZES.

SWEET summer breeze! how soft and spirit-like
 Thy soothing voice, with its faint lullaby
 At eve, its joyous music when the dawn
 Kindles the cold grey clouds, and the white stars
 With pale and quivering radiance slowly wane,
 As crimson blushes tint the brightening East.
 Above the quiet stream the slender birch
 Lets loose her waving tresses to the gale;
 Long bramble sprays droop from the tangled bank:
 The pale wild rose her flexile branches twines
 In natural garlands, while her scented sigh,
 Less odorous than the incense offered up
 From her bright sister's gorgeous urn, is stolen
 By the soft breeze, which makes all sweets its own;
 The breath of flowers, the warble of the birds,
 The voice of love, the sound of tinkling rills;
 And scatters them abroad, all carelessly

Seeking fresh pastime; ever wandering on,
 Chasing the winged shadow as it flies
 With noiseless feet across the dewy lawn;
 Showering the blossoms, singing in the leaves,
 Rippling the stream, or bending the bright corn,
 Whose golden billows toss their rustling heads,
 Exulting in the sunshine; so it speeds,
 Welcomed by all, how brief so e'er a kiss
 Greets the bared brow, upturned to its caress.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I LOVE to watch the flight
 Of clamorous rooks, those busy architects,
 Who wheel in cawing circles over head;
 Settling in clouds upon their chosen perch,
 The loftiest trees; and when, at eventide,
 The faint stars gather silently above,
 And the pale moon uprising wins her way,
 Her slow and patient way among the clouds,
 O'ercoming the white mist which sought to veil
 Her gentle beauty, till she showers down
 Her streaming splendour, then I dearly love
 The deepening shadow of the bending woods;
 While the soft spirit-voice of the low wind
 Breathes in my ear its wild and wailing song.
 Who loves not that still hour of loneliness?
 A time for visions, and for quiet thoughts
 Of days departed, o'er whose shadowy track
 We wander once again, retracing all

Those memories sadly sweet, of joy gone by,
 Of softened sorrow, cradled in the depths
 Of every loving heart. Above the world
 Night and her sister silence dimly brood :
 The solemn murmur of the dusky woods,
 The distant ripple of the gliding stream,
 The softest whisper of the wandering breeze
 Possess the ear. How soothing, how serene
 The hour of dreams, those quick-winged messengers,
 Who visit us from realms afar, unknown ;
 And ever weave a wondrous imagery
 Before the unsleeping soul, unlocking still
 The fount of tears, or calling brighter smiles
 To hover o'er the softly-breathing lip.
 The hour of dreams ! Oh not alone when sleep
 Unfolds her shadowy wings above the earth,
 Shedding soft influence o'er the weary brow
 And aching breast, not only then may dreams
 Visit the soul ! Thoughts of the perished Past,
 The uncertain Future : Memories, Hopes, Regrets ;
 Are they not dreams ? Awake, my soul, awake !
 Brood not o'er these !

Mrs. Uniacke.

POETICAL ENGLISH READER.

No. III.

PART II.

PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride :
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind.
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain ;
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While, from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanced behold, with strange surprise,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So, pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;
 The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
 But those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way ;
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes ;
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

Pope.

CRITICISM.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be ;
 In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend :
 And, if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;

Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit.
 Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
 The naked nature, and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed ;
 Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit ;
 For, works may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.
 Words are like leaves ; and, where they most
 abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found :
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong :
 In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;

Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees ;'
 If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep ;'
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with 'sleep ;'
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But, when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
 Who still are pleased too little or too much.
 At every trifle scorn to take offence ;
 That always shows great pride or little sense :
 Yet let not each gay turn your rapture move ;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
 As things seem large which we through mists descry ;
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Though each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true;
 Wit envied, like the sun eclipsed, makes known
 The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day. *Pope.*

PROVIDENCE VINDICATED.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
 Or who could suffer being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be blest.
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo ! the poor savage, whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind :
 His soul proud science never taught to stray,
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste ;
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no tyrants thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire ;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire :
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes ;
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause. *Pope.*

SCALE OF CREATION.

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends ;
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass :
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half reasoning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier !
 For ever separate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and reflection how allied,
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide !
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

See through this air, this ocean and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth ;
 Above, how high progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing. On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
 Cease then, nor order imperfection name ;
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit ! In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, whatever is, is right. *Pope.*

VANITY REPROVED.

HAS God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn
 For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn.
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.
 While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pampered goose.
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control ;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole ;
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Will the jay praise the insect's gilded wings ?
 Or the hawk listen when the linnet sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods ;
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods :
 For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasures, yet for more his pride.
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 The extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves :
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast ;
 And till he ends the being, makes it blest :
 Which sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,
 Than favoured man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had its feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

REASON TAUGHT BY INSTINCT.

SEE man from Nature rising slow to art !
 To copy instinct then was Reason's part ;
 Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—

“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take.
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
 Thy art of building from the bee receive ;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
 Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here, too, all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason late instruct mankind.
 Here subterranean works and cities see,
 There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ant's republic and the realm of bees ;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know ;
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state ;
 Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 Entangle justice in her net of law,
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures say,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;

And for those arts mere instinct could afford
Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored."

Great Nature spoke; observant men obeyed;
Cities were built, societies were made;
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and joined through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend,
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow;
And he returned a friend, who came a foe. *Pope.*

ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT.

WHO first taught souls enslaved and realms undone
The enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe;
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made.
She, midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To powers unseen, and mightier far than they.

So drives self-love, through just and through
unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:

The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws ;
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Even kings learned justice and benevolence :
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral Nature gave before ;
 Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;
 Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender strings ;
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till jarring interests of themselves create
 The according music of a well-mixed state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
 made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;

More powerful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest,
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administered is best :
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is Charity :
 All must be false that thwarts this one great end ;
 And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives,
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the soul,
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same. *Pope.*

HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim ;
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name ;
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise :
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?

Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine :
 Twined with the wreaths poetic laurels yield,
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ? where grows it not ? if vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
 Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere ;
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere ;
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free ;
 And, fled from monarchs dwells, my friend, with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way. The learn'd are blind ;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind.
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ;
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these :
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
 Some, swelled to gods, confess even virtue vain :
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?
 Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive :
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.
 And, mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense and common ease.
 Remember, man, ' the universal cause
 ' Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;'
 And makes what happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

Pope.

VIRTUE.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
 "Virtue alone is happiness below :"
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
 The joy unequalled if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though ne'er so blessed,
 And but more relished as the more distressed :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppressed ;
 Never dejected, while another's blessed :
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
 See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow !
 Which, who but feels can taste, but thinks, can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find :
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain, which links the immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end in love of God, and love of man.
 For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthened on to Faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why Nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find.)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self-love, thus pushed to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part ;
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.
 God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake :
 The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads :

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in of every kind ;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And heaven beholds its image in his breast. *Pope.*

INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

TELL me, ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
 Was first informed her venturous flight to steer
 Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air ?
 Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
 The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
 And honey-making flowers their opening buds
 disclose ?

How from the thickened mist and setting sun,
 Finds she the labour of her day is done ?
 Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
 To bring her burthen to the certain hive.
 And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
 Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
 By constant journies careful to prepare
 Her stores ; and, bringing home the corny ear,
 By what instruction does she bite the grain,
 Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,
 It might elude the foresight of her care ?
 Distinct in either insect's deed appear
 The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.

Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
 On the young gnat, or new-engendered fly ;
 On the vile worm that yesterday began
 To crawl ; thy fellow-creatures, abject man !
 Like thee, they breathe, they move, they taste,
 they see ;
 They show their passions by their acts, like thee :
 Darting their stings, they previously declare
 Designed revenge, and fierce intent of war ;
 Have limbs and sinews, blood and heart and brain,
 Life and her proper functions to sustain,
 Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
 What more can our penurious reason grant
 To the large whale, or castled elephant,
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 The crested snake, and long-tailed crocodile,
 Than that all differ but in shape and name,
 Each destined to a less or larger frame ? *Prior.*

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
 To the large convex of yon azure sky :
 Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
 Now streaked and glowing with the morning-red ;
 Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
 And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
 Ask reason now, whence light and shade were given,
 And whence this great variety of Heaven.

Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
 Than that the sun illuminates the sky ;
 Than that night rises from his absent ray,
 And his returning lustre kindles day ?

But we expect the morning-red in vain :
 'Tis hid in vapours, or obscured by rain.
 The noon-tide yellow we in vain require :
 'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
 Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears ;
 Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears :
 Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
 With stars unnumbered, and eternal lights.
 Send forth, ye wise, send forth your labouring
 thought ;
 Let it return, with empty notions fraught
 Of airy columns every moment broke,
 Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
 Yet this solution but once more affords
 New change of terms, and scaffolding of words :
 In other garb my question I receive,
 And take the doubt the very same I gave.

Lo ! as a giant strong, the lusty sun
 Multiplied rounds in one great round does run ;
 Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
 Changing the day, and finishing the year.
 Again when his descending orb retires,
 And earth perceives the absence of his fires,
 The moon affords us her alternate ray,
 And with kind beams distributes fainter day,

Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race ;
 Various her beams, and changeable her face.
 Each planet shining in his proper sphere,
 Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer ;
 Each sees his lamp with different lustre crowned ;
 Each knows his course with different periods bound ;
 And, in his passage through the liquid space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
 Now, shine these planets with substantial rays ?
 Does innate lustre gild their measured days ?
 Or do they, (as your schemes, I think, have shown,)
 Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
 All servants to that source of light, the sun ?

Again, I see ten thousand thousand stars,
 Not cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
 (Poor rules with which our bounded mind is filled,
 When we would plant, or cultivate or build,)
 But shining with such vast, such various light,
 As speaks the hand, that formed them, infinite.
 How mean the order and perfection sought,
 In the best product of the human thought,
 Compared to the great harmony, that reigns
 In what the Spirit of the world ordains !

Now, if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day,
 How small a portion of his power is given
 To orbs more distant, and remoter heaven !
 And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
 Has doomed and fixed to one eternal sky,

Each, by a native stock of honour great,
 May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
 (Itself a sun), and with transmissive light
 Enliven worlds denied to human sight.
 Around the circles of their ambient skies
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
 And other stars may to those suns be earths,
 Give their own elements their proper births,
 Divide their climates, or elevate their pole,
 See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll :
 Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,
 May each to other, (as their different sphere
 Makes or their distance or their light appear,)
 Be seen a nobler or inferior star,
 And, in that space which we call air and sky,
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lie,
 Unmeasured and unknown by human eye.

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
 And find and fix its centre here or there ;
 Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought
 Even into fancied space, illudes our vanquished
 thought.

Prior.

VANITY OF LIFE.

As smoke, that rises from the kindling fires,
 Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;
 As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost ;

So vanishes our state, so pass our days ;
 So life but opens now, and now decays :
 The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,
 To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shows us what we knew was near,
 With courage therefore view the appointed hour,
 Dread not death's anger, but expect his power ;
 For Nature's land with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 But die, O mortal man ! for thou wast born.
 Does the great word, that gave thee sense, ordain
 That life shall never wake that sense again ?
 And will no power thy sinking spirit save
 From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the
 grave ?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run :
 Yet the same light, (pass but some fleeting hours),
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers ;
 Starts the bright race again ; his constant flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 I mark the various fury of the winds ;
 These neither seasons guide, nor order binds ;
 They now dilate, and now contract their force,
 Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 From his first fountain and beginning ooze,
 Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows ;
 Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
 The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same ;

Still other waves supply the rising urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind nor sea?

A flower that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies ;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore ;
A fire whose flames through crackling stubble fly ;
A meteor shooting from the summer sky ;
A bowl adown the bending mountain rolled
A bubble breaking, and a fable told ;
A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream,
Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim
Our earthly course ; but, O my soul ! so fast
Must life run off, and death for ever last ?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confined ;
Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind ?
Does something still, and somewhere, yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain ?
Say : shall our relicks second birth receive ?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live ?
Amid two seas on one small point of land,
Wearied, uncertain, and amazed we stand ;
On either side our thoughts incessant turn ;
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn ;
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

Prior.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
 Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
 Of mortal men, and what the pleasing stores
 Which beauteous imitation thence derives
 To deck the poet's or the painter's toil,
 My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
 Of musical delight ! and, while I sing
 Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
 Thou smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
 Indulgent Fancy ! from the fruitful banks
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
 Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
 Where Shakespeare lies, be present : and with thee
 Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
 Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
 Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
 She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, descend !

Say, why was man so eminently raised
 Amid the vast creation ; why ordained
 Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame ;
 But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
 In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run

The great career of justice ; to exalt
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
 To chase each meaner purpose from his breast :
 And through the mists of passion and of sense,
 And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
 To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
 Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
 The approving smile of Heaven? else wherefore
 burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour, to embrace
 Majestic forms ; impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross control of wilful might ;
 Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
 Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame.
 Who that from snowy mountains shoots his eye
 Around the wide horizon, and surveys
 Indus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
 Through fertile plains, through empires black with
 shade,

And continents of sand, will turn away
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? the high-born soul
 Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of Earth

And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Through fields of air ; pursues the flying storm ;
 Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens ;
 Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long track of day. Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light ; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to fulfil
 The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused
 She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets ; through its burning signs
 Exulting measures the perennial wheel
 Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
 Invests the Orient ; now amazed she views
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode ;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travelled the profound six thousand years,
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Even on the barriers of the world untired
 She meditates the eternal depth below ;
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
 In that immense of being : there her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,

Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment: but from these,
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
 Till every bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection close the scene. *Akenside.*

PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY.

THUS with a faithful aim have we presumed,
 Adventurous to delineate Nature's form;
 Whether in vast majestic pomp arrayed,
 Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In Beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
 Through various beings' fair proportioned scale
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree
 The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determined shape,
 Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
 Unites this varied symmetry of parts
 With colour's bland allurements; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms,
 Through which the breath of Nature has infused

Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the beauteous earth,
 In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
 Their purple honours with the spring resume;
 And thus the stately tree in autumn bends
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
 Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
 Of complicated members, to the bloom
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
 And active motion speaks the tempered soul:
 So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
 With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell;
 There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
 By steps conducting our enraptured search
 To that eternal origin, whose power,
 Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffused.

Akenside.

SUPERIORITY OF MORAL ABOVE PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

MIND, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and
 Heaven!)

The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,

Sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
 Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
 And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country hail?
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
 And Rome is again free! Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
 'In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for others woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

Akenside.

HAPPINESS FROM CULTIVATING THE
IMAGINATION.

OH! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid song
Of Luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial sway;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes

The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unreprieved. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only; for the attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her powers,
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspired delight; her tempered powers
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On Nature's form, where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weighed
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp the generous powers?
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 No! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what the eternal Maker has ordained
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves

His energy divine: he tells the heart,
 He meant, He made us to behold and love
 What He beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being; to be great like them,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, work upon his plan;
 And form to his the pattern of their soul. *Ahenside.*

HOPE.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus with delight we linger, to survey
 The promised joys of Life's unmeasured way;
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been:
 And every form that fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
 Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
 The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?

Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man,
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,
 'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
 With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
 Thine is the charm of Life's bewildered way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
 To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Campbell.

INFLUENCE OF HOPE IN DANGER.

AUSPICIOUS Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
 Won by their sweets in Nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
 What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
 away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
 Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;

Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,
 With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world !

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow :
 And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay ;
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
 And sing to charm the spirits of the deep :
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,
 The grot that heard his song of other times,
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
 Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
 Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And hastens to his faithful wife's embrace ;
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !

While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
 When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line;
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye;
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

Campbell.

EXPOSTULATION WITH THE ENEMIES OF IMPROVEMENT.

YE that the rising morn invidious mark,
 And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
 Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
 And think, or wish, the song of hope untrue;
 Perhaps your little hands presume to span
 The march of genius, and the powers of man:

Perhaps ye watch, at pride's unhallowed shrine,
 Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
 “Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
 Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
 In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring;
 What! can ye lull the winged winds to sleep,
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
 No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand,
 It rolled not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
 Still must thou live a blast on Nature's brow?
 Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
 What! are thy triumphs, sacred truth, belied?
 Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
 Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
 Yet that, in fancied vision, can admire
 The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
 Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
 Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,
 Where valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
 The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song:
 Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
 Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
 See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
 Hath valour left the world—to live no more?

No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?
 Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,
 Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls ?
 Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
 The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ?

Yes ! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
 The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
 Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
 Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
 That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
 Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
 Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
 The mazy wheels of Nature as they play ;
 Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
 And rival all but Shakespeare's name below !

Campbell.

POWER OF HOPE AT THE END OF LIFE.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul and dust to dust return !
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
 Oh ! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day :

Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun !
Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.
Hark, from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamant car ;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;

But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world :
 And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Campbell.

BOYS AT SCHOOL.

WE name the world a school ; for, day by day
 We something learn, till we are called away ;
 The school we name a world ; for, vice and pain,
 Fraud and contention, then begin to reign.
 And much in fact this lesser world can show
 Of grief and crime that in the greater grow.
 But where are now those minds so light and gay
 So forced on study, so intent on play,
 Swept by the world's rude blasts, from hope's dear
 views away ?

Some grieved for long neglect in earlier times,
 Some sad from frailties, some lamenting crimes ;
 Thinking, with sorrow, on the season lent
 For noble purpose, and in trifling spent ;
 And now at last, when they in earnest view
 The nothings done—what work they find to do !
 Where is that virtue that the generous boy
 Felt, and resolved that nothing should destroy ?
 He who with noble indignation glowed
 When vice had triumph ! who his tears bestowed

On injured merit ; he who would possess
 Power but to aid the children of distress !
 Who has such joy in generous actions shown,
 And so sincere, they might be called his own ;
 Knight, hero, patriot, martyr, on whose tongue,
 And potent arm, a nation's welfare hung ;
 He who to public misery brought relief,
 And soothed the anguish of domestic grief !
 Where now this virtue's fervour, spirit, zeal ?
 Who felt so warmly, has he ceased to feel ?
 The boy's emotions of that noble kind
 Ah ! sure the experienced man has not resigned ;
 Or are these feelings varied ? has the knight,
 Virtue's own champion, now refused to fight ?
 Is the deliverer turned the oppressor now ?
 Has the reformer dropt the dangerous bow ?
 Or has the patriot's bosom lost its heat,
 And forced him, shivering, to a snug retreat ?
 Is such the grievous lapse of human pride ?
 Is such the victory of the worth untried ? *Crabbe.*

SEASTIDE WALK.

MOVED to walk where none had walked before,
 At the rocks that run along the shore ;
 Far beyond the sight of men to stray,
 And take my pleasure where I lost my way ;
 For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
 And all the mossy moor that lies beneath :

Here I had favourite stations, where I stood
 And heard the murmurs of the ocean flood,
 With not a sound beside, except when flew
 Aloft the lapwing, or the gray curlew,
 Who with wild notes my fancied power defied,
 And mocked the dreams of solitary pride.
 I loved to stop at every creek and bay
 Made by the river in its winding way,
 And call to memory—not by marks they bare,
 But by the thoughts that were created there.
 Pleasant it was to view the sea-gulls strive
 Against the storm, or in the ocean dive
 With eager scream, or where they dropping gave
 Their closing wings to sail upon the wave ;
 Then, as the winds and waters raged around,
 And breaking billows mixed their deafening sound,
 They on the rolling deep securely hung,
 And calmly rode the restless waves among.
 Nor pleased it less around me to behold,
 Far up the beach, the yesty sea-foam rolled ;
 Or from the shore upborne to see on high
 Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly,
 While the salt spray that clashing billows form
 Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm. *Crabbe.*

A POOR PEASANTRY.

I GRANT indeed that fields and flocks have charms
 For him that grazes or for him that farms ;
 But, when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
 The poor laborious natives of the place,

And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
 On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
 While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
 Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts,
 Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
 In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
 Which can no groves nor happy vallies boast;
 Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
 And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
 By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
 As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.
 Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
 O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
 Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
 By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
 Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring
 poor;
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war;

There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil ;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves his silky leaf ;
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade :
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

Crabbe.

A SCOTTISH WINTER.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
 November's leaf is red and sear ;
 Late gazing down the steepy linn
 That hems our little garden in,
 Low in its dark and narrow glen,
 You scarce the rivulet might ken :
 So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
 So feeble trilled the streamlet through :
 Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
 Through bush and brier, no longer green,
 An angry brook it sweeps the glade,
 Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
 And foaming brown with doubled speed,
 Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
 Upon our forest hills is shed ;
 No more, beneath the evening beam,
 Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;

Away hath passed the heather-bell,
 That bloomed so rich on Needpath Fell ;
 The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
 To sheltered dale and down are driven,
 Where yet some faded herbage pines,
 And yet a watery sun-beam shines ;
 In meek despondency they eye
 The withered sward and wintry sky.
 The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
 And wraps him closer from the cold ;
 His dogs no merry circles wheel,
 But shivering follow at his heel ;
 A cowering glance they often cast,
 As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My boys, though hardy, bold, and wild,
 As best befits the mountain child,
 Feel the sad influence of the hour,
 And wail the daisy's vanished flower ;
 Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
 And anxious ask—Will Spring return,
 And birds and lambs again be gay,
 And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?

Yes, prattlers, yes ;—the daisy's flower
 Again shall paint your summer bower ;
 Again the hawthorn shall supply
 The garlands you delight to tie ;
 The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
 The wild-birds carol to the round ;
 And while you frolic light as they,
 Too short shall seem the summer day.

Scott.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
 His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day :
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry.
 For, well-a-day ! their date was fled ;
 His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured to lord and lady gay
 The unpremeditated lay.
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime :
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door ;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower ;

The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last,
 The embattled portal arch he passed,
 Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well :
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
 And he began to talk anon,
 Of good earl Francis, dead and gone,
 And of earl Walter, rest him GOD !
 A braver ne'er to battle rode :
 And how full many a tale he knew,
 Of the old warriors of Buceleugh ;
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,

That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain,
He could recal an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.

But, when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
 And lightened up his faded eye,
 With all a poet's ecstasy !
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along !
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of soul were lost :
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung :—

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there be, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living shall forfeit fair renown.
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my withered cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore;
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime,
 Its earliest course was doomed to know;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stained with past and present tears.” *Scott.*

ST. MARY'S LAKE.

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone,
 Something my friend, we yet may gain;
 There is a pleasure in this pain:
 It soothes the love of lonely rest,
 Deep in each gentler heart impressed,
 'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
 And stifled soon by mental broils;
 But, in a bosom thus prepared,
 Its still small voice is often heard
 Whispering a mingled sentiment,
 'Twixt resignation and content.
 Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
 By lone St. Mary's silent lake;
 Thou knowest it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
 Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
 At once upon the level brink;
 And just a trace of silver sand
 Marks where the water meets the land.
 Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
 Each hill's huge outline you may view;

Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
 Nor tree nor bush, nor brake is there,
 Save where of land yon slender line
 Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
 Yet even this nakedness has power,
 And aids the feeling of the hour :
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
 Where living thing concealed might lie ;
 Nor point retiring hides a dell,
 Where swain or woodman lone might dwell ;
 There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
 You see that all is loneliness ;
 And silence aids—though the deep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills,
 In summer-tide, so soft they weep,
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude.

Scott.

POWER OF EARLY HABITS.

TELL me, my friend, if thou hast weighed,
 That secret power by all obeyed ;
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 In source concealed or undefined ;
 Whether an impulse that hath birth,
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth ;
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours ;
 Or whether fitlier termed the sway
 Of habit, formed in early day !

Howe'er derived, its force confessed,
 Rules with despotic sway the breast;
 And drags us on by viewless chain
 While taste and reason plead in vain.

Look forth, and ask the Belgian why,
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain gale;
 He'll say, from youth he loved to see
 The white sail gliding by the tree.
 Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
 Whose sluggish herds before him wind;
 Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek
 His northern clime and kindred speak;
 Through England's laughing meads he goes,
 And England's wealth around him flows;
 Ask, if it would content him well,
 At ease in these gay plains to dwell,
 Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
 And spires and forests intervene,
 And the neat cottage peeps between?
 No! not for these will he exchange
 His dark Lochaber's boundless range.

Thus, while I ape the measure wild
 Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
 Rude though they be, still with the chime
 Return the thoughts of early time;
 And feelings, roused in life's first day,
 Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.

Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
 Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
 Though no broad river swept along,
 To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
 Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
 To prompt of love a softer tale ;
 Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
 Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed ;
 Yet was poetic impulse given
 By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
 It was a barren scene, and wild,
 Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
 But ever and anon between
 Lay velvet turfs of loveliest green ;
 And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
 And honey-suckle loved to crawl
 Up the low crag and ruined wall.
 I deemed such nooks the sweetest glade,
 The sun in all his round surveyed ;
 And still I thought that shattered tower
 The mightiest work of human power.

Scott.

BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

NEXT morn the baron climbed the tower,
 To view afar the Scottish power,
 Encamped on Flodden edge :
 The white pavilions made a show,
 Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry

Amid the shifting lines :

The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For flashing on the hedge of spears

The Eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending,
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back and now descending :
The skilful Marmion well could know
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was ;—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed

The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile ;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall ;

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing ;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,

Upon the eastern bank you see,
Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till,
And, rising from the dim wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,
 And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on its ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
 Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile?
 Oh for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right."
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannock-bourne!—
 The precious hour has passed in vain,
 And England's host has gained the plain;
 Wheeling their march and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden-hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high—
 "Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
 And see, ascending squadrons come

Between Tweed's river and the hill;
 Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
 My basnet to a 'prentice cap,

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
 Yet more! yet more!—how fair arrayed
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,
 And sweep so gallant by!

With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armour flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,
 To see fair England's standards fly."

But see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent.

And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke ;
 Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke.

Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march ; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.
 They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;

And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air ;
 Oh ! life and death were in the shout ;
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.

Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And first the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see:
 Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Scott.

THE STAG HUNT.

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhounds' heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,

And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief, who hears his warder call,

“To arms ! the foemen storm the wall ;”

The antlered Monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste ;

But, ere his fleet career he took,

The dewdrops from his flanks he shook ;

Like crested leader proud and high,

Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;

A moment gazed adown the dale,

A moment snuffed the tainted gale,

A moment listened to the cry,

That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;

Then, as the headmost foes appeared,

With one brave bound the copse he cleared,

And, stretching forward free and far,

Sought the wild heaths of Uam-var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,

Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back :

To many a mingled sound at once

The awakened mountain gave response.

An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,

Clattered an hundred steeds along,

Their peals the merry horns rung out,

An hundred voices joined the shout ;

With hark and whoop and wild halloo,

No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.

Far from the tumult fled the roe,

Close in her covert cowered the doe,

The falcon from her cairn on high,
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
 Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint and more faint, its failing din
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Scott.

THE TROSACHS.

THE western waves of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way ;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire ;
 But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle ;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola or minaret ;
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;

For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green ;
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the westwind's summer sighs.
 Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant, or flower, the mountain's child :
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
 Aloft the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view,
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

Scott.

VICTORY OF WATERLOO.

ON came the whirlwind : like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast.
On came the whirlwind : steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And hurrying, as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude ;
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again ;

Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance;
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds:
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while, amid their close array,
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while, amid their scattered band,
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot, a mingled host,
Their leaders gone, their standards lost.

Scott.

RODERICK'S DREAM.

THUS he cried,
 Easing the pressure of his burthened heart
 With passionate prayer ; thus poured his spirit forth,
 Till with the long impetuous effort spent,
 His spirit failed ; and, laying on the grave
 His weary head, as on a pillow, sleep
 Fell on him. He had prayed to hear a voice
 Of consolation, and in dreams a voice
 Of consolation came. It was the voice
 Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
 So patiently ; which soothed his childish griefs,
 Counsell'd, with anguish and prophetic tears,
 His headstrong youth. And lo ! his Mother stood
 Before him in the vision ; in those weeds,
 Which never from the hour, when to the grave
 She followed her dear lord Theodofred,
 Rusilla laid aside ; but in her face
 A sorrow that bespake a heavier load
 At heart, and more unmitigated woe.
 Groaning he knelt before her to beseech
 Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay
 A benediction on him. But those hands
 Were chained ; and, casting a wild look around,
 With thrilling voice she cried, will no one break
 These shameful fetters ? Pedro, Theudemir,
 Athanagild, where are ye ? Roderick's arm
 Is withered ; ... Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye ?
 And thou Pelayo, thou our surest hope ;
 Dost thou too sleep ? ... Awake, Pelayo ! ... up ! ...

Why tarriest thou, Deliverer?...But with that
 She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!
 Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody cross
 Gleamed on her breastplate, in her shield displayed
 Erect a lion ramped; her helmed head
 Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crowned
 With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
 Red as a firebrand blazed. Anon the tramp
 Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
 Moving to mortal conflict, rang around;
 The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
 War-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
 Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
 Rout and pursuit and death; and over all
 The shout of victory....Spain and victory!
 Roderick, as the strong vision mastered him,
 Rushed to the fight rejoicing: starting then,
 As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
 He found himself upon that lonely grave
 In moonlight and in silence. But the dream
 Wrought in him still; for still he felt his heart
 Pant, and his withered arm was trembling still.

Southey.

MOONLIGHT.

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
 The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams
 Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
 Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage grey
 And massy, motionless they spread; here shine

Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
 Their charms; and there the glittering argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament
 The summits of Auseva rise serene!
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
 The silence of the earth, the endless sound
 Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
 Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence
 Toward eternity the attempered mind.

Southey.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

MEANTIME Pelayo up the vale pursued
 Eastward his way, before the sun had climbed
 Auseva's brow, or shed his silvering beams
 Upon Europa's summit, where the snows
 Through all revolving seasons hold their seat.
 A happy man he went, his heart at rest,
 Of hope and virtue and affection full,
 To all exhilarating influences
 Of earth and heaven alive. With kindred joy
 He heard the lark who, from her airy height,
 On twinkling pinions poised, poured forth profuse

In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,
 As one whose joyous nature overflowed
 With life and power, her rich and rapturous strain.
 The early bee, buzzing along the way,
 From flower to flower, bore gladness on its wing
 To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued,
 With quickened eye alert, the frolic hare,
 Where from the green herb in her wanton path
 She brushed away the dews. For he long time,
 Far from his home and from his native hills,
 Had dwelt in bondage; and the mountain breeze,
 Which he had with the breath of infancy
 Inhaled, such impulse to his heart restored,
 As if the seasons had rolled back, and life
 Enjoyed a second spring. Through fertile fields
 He went, by cots with peartrees overbowered,
 Or spreading to the sun their trelliced vines;
 Through orchards now, and now by thymy banks,
 Where wooden hives in some warm nook were hid
 From wind and shower, and now through shadowy
 paths,
 Till where the loftier hills to narrower bound
 Confine the vale. A mountain rivulet,
 Now calm and lovely in its summer course,
 Here held its everlasting way. Mid heaps
 Of mountain wreck, on either side thrown high,
 The wide-spread traces of its wintry might,
 The tortuous channel wound o'er beds of sand.
 Here silently it flowed; here from the rock
 Rebutted, curled and eddied; plunging here

Precipitate ; here roaring among crags,
 It leaped and foamed and whirled and hurried on.
 Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid
 The mossy side ; their wreathed and knotted feet,
 Bared by the current, now against its force
 Repaying the support they found, upheld
 The bank secure. Here, bending to the stream,
 The birch fantastic stretched its rugged trunk
 Tall and erect, from whence, as from their base,
 Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.
 The cherry here hung for the birds of heaven
 Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there
 Its purple berries o'er the water bent,
 Heavily hanging. Here amid the brook,
 Grey as the stone to which it clung, half root,
 Half trunk, the young ash rises from the rock ;
 And there its parent lifts a lofty head,
 And spreads its graceful boughs ; the passing wind
 With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
 And shakes its rattling tufts. Soon had the Prince
 Behind him left the farthest dwelling-place
 Of man ; no fields of waving corn were here,
 Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain,
 Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful grove ;
 Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
 Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
 Arose on either hand, here hung with woods,
 Here rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
 Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse ;
 Bare here, and striated with many a hue,

Scored by the wintry rain; by torrents here
 Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.
 High over head the eagle soared serene,
 And the grey lizard on the rocks below
 Basked in the sun: no living creature else
 In this remotest wilderness was seen;
 Nor living voice was there,—only the flow
 Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs. *Southey.*

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST.

AN arrow's flight above that mountain stream
 There was a little glade where, underneath
 A long smooth mossy stone, a fountain rose.
 An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
 O'er canopied the spring; its fretted roots
 Embossed the bank, and on their tufted bank
 Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade;
 Short ferns and longer leaves of wrinkled green,
 Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind
 Made itself felt, just touched with gentle dip
 The glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then;
 Save when a bubble rising from the depth
 Burst, and with faintest circles marked its place,
 Or if an insect skimmed it with its wing,
 Or when in heavier drops the gathered rain
 Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
 When, having drank there, he would bound across,
 Drew up upon the bank his meeting feet,
 And put forth half his force. With silent lapse

From thence through mossy banks the water stole,
 Then murmuring hastened to the glen below.
 The herb grows greener on its brink; sweet flowers
 Bend o'er the stream that feeds their freshened roots;
 The redbreast loves it for his wintry haunts,
 And, when the buds begin to open forth,
 Builds near it with his mate their brooding nest;
 The thirsty stag with widening nostrils there
 Invigorated draws his copious draught;
 And there amid its flags the wild-boar stands,
 Nor meditating hurt nor suffering wrong.
 Through woodlands wild and solitary fields
 Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous course;
 But, when it reaches the resorts of men,
 The service of the city then defiles
 The tainted stream; corrupt and foul it flows
 Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed impure,
 Till in the sea, the appointed end to which
 Through all its way it hastens, 'tis received,
 And, losing all pollution, mingles there
 In the wide world of waters. So is it
 With the great stream of things, if all were seen;
 Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
 And transitory evil only make
 The good end happier. Ages pass away,
 Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
 Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
 Survives, and what she chuseth for herself,
 The arbiter of her own destiny,
 That only shall endure.

Southey.

RESIGNATION.

SOOTHED by the strain
 Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
 And sate contemplating. Florinda too
 Was calmed: "If sore experience may be thought
 "To teach the uses of adversity,"
 She said, "alas! who better learned than I
 "In that sad school! methinks if ye would know
 "How visitations of calamity
 "Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you there!
 "Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
 "Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
 "The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
 "And deemed the deepopake would blot her beams:
 "But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
 "In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
 "The orb with richer beauties than her own;
 "Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene."

Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
 Beholding with fixed eyes that lovely orb,
 Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
 The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
 Of spirit, as by travail of the day
 Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
 The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
 And now into its airy elements
 Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
 Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues
 Her course appointed, with indifferent beams

Shining upon the silent hills around.
 They by the fountain hear the stream below,
 Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
 Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
 And now the nightingale, not distant far,
 Began her solitary song ; and poured
 To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain,
 Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
 The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
 Seemed with its piercing melody to reach
 The soul, and in mysterious unison
 Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
 Their hearts were open to the healing power
 Of nature ; and the splendour of the night,
 The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay,
 Came to them like a copious evening dew,
 Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

Southey.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring
 swain ;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !

How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and youthful converse made!
 How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
 these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influenceshed;
 These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village! loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weary way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man :
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store ;
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
 But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green—
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds;
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
 In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled ;
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron ! forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year :
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
 won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side :

But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies ;
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway ;
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile :
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
 With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew.
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquished he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame: the very spot,
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye;
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspired,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place;
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
 The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all
 Retrieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple pleasures of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art:

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from the shore ;
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around :
 Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss ; the man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
 growth ;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.

Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies :
 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits its fall.
 As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, (for charms are frail,)
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;
 But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 • And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms, a garden and a grave !

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
 To escape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If, to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ;
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;

To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
 And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the
 shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah no ! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they :
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

Alas ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
 The good old sire, the first prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe :
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
 And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame :
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of bliss, as well as source of woe,
 That foundest me poor at first, and keepest me so ;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well :
 Farewell ! and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Goldsmith.

THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

[Inscribed to the Author's Brother.]

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts his door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee :
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Perpetual blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
 Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies,
 Me fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And placed on high, above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
 crowned,
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;

Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies ;
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consigned,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine ;
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
 As different good, by art or nature given
 To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call :
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idria's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;

And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content :
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone :
 Each to the favourite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
 Here for a while, my proper cares resigned,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows ;
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And even in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs ; not far removed the date,
 When commerce proudly flourished through the
 state :

At her command the palace learned to rise,
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;
 The canvass glowed, beyond even nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teemed with human form ;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;
 While nought remained of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave :

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
' There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May :

No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
 Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal :
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And even those hills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.
 Such are the charms to barren states assigned :
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
 Yet let them only share the praises due ;
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest :
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run ;
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest :
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the
 way,
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain :
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please;
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew :
 And haply, though my harsh touch; faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
 So gay a life these thoughtless realms display ;
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here :
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,

Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise :
 They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land ;
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
 Even liberty itself is bartered here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
 'The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Oh! how unlike ~~their~~ Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind ;
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand ;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control ;
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear :
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy ;
 But fostered even by freedom, ills annoy :
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled ;
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Repressed ambition struggles round her shore ;
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come, when, stripped of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire !
 And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun ;
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !
 I only would repress them to secure ;
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those who toil ;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then, how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms :

But, when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
 Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Ah, brother! how disastrous was that hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power;
 And thus, polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown savage marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
'To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure;
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

Goldsmith.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate ;
 Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
 As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
 How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature and each grace of art ;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the general massacre of gold ;
 Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind :
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws :
 Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys ;
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell, where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the maddened land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
 Low skulls the hind beneath the rage of power,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower ;
 Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
 Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,
 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
 The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,
 Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
 One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 The insidious rival and the gaping heir.
 Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth ;
 See motley life in modern trappings drest,
 And feed with varied fools the eternal jest :
 Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchained
 caprice,
 Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 Where wealth unloved without a mourner died ;
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;

Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new made mayor's unwieldy state;
 Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judged a cause!
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
 To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
 The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
 Renewed at every glance on human kind.
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
 Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
 A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On every stage the foes of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope; the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
 From every room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright palladium of the place;
 And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold;

For now no more we trace in every line
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes' doom, or guard her favourites' zeal?
 Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
 Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows :
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ;
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.
 At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies opprest,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest :
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace
 repine,

Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or livest thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
 And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled
 Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings allied?
 What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
 And power too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame :
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
 Till captive science yields her last retreat ;

Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart ;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from learning, to be wise ;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
 The plundered palace, or sequestered rent ;
 Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,
 And fatal learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
 For such the steady Roman shook the world;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine:
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name;
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths
 regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide.
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
 vain;
 "Think nothing gained, he cries, till nought remain,

"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost :
 He comes ; nor want nor cold his course delay :
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford ;
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
 Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ;
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;

New powers are claimed, new powers are still
bestowed,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
The insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway :
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war ;
The baffled prince, in honour's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom ;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

' Enlarge my life with multitude of days !'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays,
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :

In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch the impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near :
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest ;
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
 sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence ;
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
 Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguished avarice still remains,
 And dreadful losses aggravate his pains ;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

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 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
 An age that melts with unperceived decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away;
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
 The general favourite as the general friend:
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from withering life away;
 New forms arise, and different views engage,
 Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
 Till pitying nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
 And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise ;
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart ;
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall
 save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected virtue calls ;
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
 Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery rein,
 And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied :
 To interest, prudence ; and to flattery, pride.
 Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, distrest ;
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?

Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice :
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a spacious prayer ;
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat ;
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain ;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

Johnson.

